POEMS

DIVINE

AND

EXPERIMENTAL.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY DAVID PATERSON.

MDCCLXXXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The PREFACE.

AT the requeſt of Friends, and as a teſtimony of my ſincere regard for them, I publiſh the following Compoſitions. Thoſe ſeaſons of life have been very agreeable to me, when, in poetic language, I could expreſs the feelings of my heart.

I make no great pretenſions to Poetry; nor do I praiſe or blame the performance. The readers muſt judge of it for themſelves.

The REDEEMER is the principal ſubject thereof. All other things compared to him are lighter than vanity. 'Tis in HIM alone the wounded ſpirit finds relief. 'Tis only HE who can diſpenſe happineſs ſuited to our vaſt deſires, and ſecure it to us for ever.—All our praiſes come infinitely ſhort of his worthineſs. They are happy who begin thoſe delightful exerciſes here, which they wiſh to be employed in for ever.

Some of the pieces were written at particular occaſions, when the full heart wanted vent Others of the Hymns were made to ſing to ſome of the fineſt Engliſh tunes. The moſt pleaſing ſounds, (like many of the bleſſings of providence) are often perverted, and turned to a bad uſe: How much better is it, to uſe them in the ſublimeſt praiſes of JEHOVAH.

When

When the ſound, and ſubject, are properly adapted, the ſound is ſtill the more pleaſing: for then, both the paſſions and underſtanding are fed; and, in divine ſubjects, the mind is often affected with the moſt agreeable ſenſations.

The characters are not fictitious, but exhibited in real life. I may add, "The half is "not told." Such are indeed the "ſalt of the "earth;" are ornaments to their country and profeſſion; and prove a bleſſing where ever providence may place them.

Should this little ſpecimen pleaſe, probably it may, ſome time, be enlarged.

I ſend it out aſking for mercy from the critically cenſorious. If any find their own feelings expreſſed, and receive benefit, give the praiſe to him who alone is worthy.

EDINBURGH,
March 24. 1781.

AN ELEGY

On the DEATH of the late Sir SIDNEY STAFFORD SMYTHE, late Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who died Nov. 1778.

MY ſubject large,—of life and death I treat,
And mourn his exit who was "good and great!"
No lying verſe requir'd his worth to raiſe,
His ſolid virtues merit ſolid praiſe.
Unfading laurels flouriſh on his brow;
Nor can our praiſe or blame affect him now.

Sweet was his temper, great his ſocial mind,
Pleaſant his humour, gen'rous, tender, kind!
The ſocial joy his deareſt Conſort prov'd;
Each form'd to love,—each faithfully was lov'd:
Domeſtic bliſs their happy union crown'd,
Diffuſing joy, which gladden'd all around!

The orphan, widow, and the helpleſs poor,
Found free admittance at his open door:
His ſmiling bounty and enliv'ning voice
Diſpell'd their fears, and bade their hearts rejoice:
They bleſs'd the hand that timely brought relief,
Their burdens lighten'd, and aſſwag'd their grief.

When awful edicts call'd him to the throne,
The mildeſt beams of mercy from it ſhone.
If darling mercy could not, ſhould not, ſave;
Slow juſtice doom'd the ſinner to the grave.
In melting pity, mingled with a tear,
The righteous ſentence paſs'd,—awful to hear!
Then graceful matter crowded from his tongue;
His words drew tears from all the liſt'ning throng:

(While pointing to the final Judge of all,
The guilty thus addreſs'd,)—" Who at his ſentence
" To painful regions ſink, where ſad deſpair, (fall,
" And endleſs torments, wait the guilty there:
" In countleſs ages,—count unnumber'd woes,
" Nor will their anguiſh end,--or torments ever cloſe!

" Yet dare look up:—in the Redeemer's breaſt
" Are boundleſs mercies,—everlaſting reſt!
" His hand can ſave, his blood can cleanſe the ſtain
" Of guilty crimes, and make the fouleſt clean.
" Repenting fly; his offers now embrace,
" His mercy prove,—and prove redeeming grace!"

While mem'ry views the melting ſcenes at large,
The burſting ſorrow will the debt diſcharge:
A gen'rous tear for thee we juſtly pay,
While angels ſhout thee to the realms of day!

The weeping widows loud their loſs deplore,
Their feeder's hand is ſtretched out no more!

His deareſt partner, and his friends ſincere,
In ſorrows melt,—while they his name revere.
They hear no more the muſic of his tongue;
The voice is huſh'd, which grateful praiſes ſung!

He ſaw, ſerene, the tyrant Death draw near
The meſſage welcom'd, he had nought to fear!
Redemption's joy his ſoul exulting prov'd,
And long'd to ſee his God he ſerv'd and lov'd:
The call he heard,—then bow'd his hoary head,
His charge reſign'd, and join'd the happy dead!

Great Smythe is gone! with ſighs the woods * reſound,
Your ſighs forbear,—the victor now is crown'd.
Not driven hence like fruit in ſtormy rage
Of fatal winds,—before its proper age;

But

* His country houſe, where he died, was pleaſantly ſituated among woods, near Tunbridge-wells.

But like the ripe, in Autumn's cheerful day,
He gently fell,—by nature's ſlow decay:
The earth, to native earth return'd,—his ſpirit fled away.

To die his death the ſoul prepar'd would crave,
With eaſe to ſlide into the ſilent grave:
To leave the toils which buſy mortals ſhare,
And ſleep in peace, from tumult and from care:
To reſt in hopes of that enliv'ning voice,
Which bids the righteous wake,---ariſe,---rejoice!
Redeeming love will then its power diſplay,
And death and tears for ever chaſe away;
The faithful raiſe to bliſs, and everlaſting day!

The lonely widow there her love ſhall meet,
Again embrace, at their Redeemer's feet;
His love proclaim, and count his mercies o'er,
His glory ſhare, and ne'er be parted more!

CHARACTER.

1 PAULINUS ſhines with luſtre bright
In life's declining ray:
With every gracious temper bleſt,
And bleſſing ſpends the day!

2 His comely mein and kind regard,
Extend to ſilver age:
His ſoul with pureſt wiſhes glows,
While ſliding from the ſtage.

3 None in his preſence gloomy ſtand,
Oppreſs'd with grief and fear:
His lib'ral hand and cheering voice
Prevent the riſing tear.

4 No bigot he;—their rules he ſcorns;
His heart is unconfin'd:
With gen'rous love his ſoul expands,
Embracing all mankind!

5 Who bear his Maſter's image moſt
Are moſt divinely dear:
Theſe are the friends he'll claſp above,
When JESUS ſhall appear.

6 In early days, with pious awe,
His GOD he fear'd and lov'd:
And all the tend'reſt care of Heaven,
His ſoul exulting prov'd.

7 Enrich'd with all the precious ſtores
Of wiſdom and of grace;
His Maſter's will and work perform'd,
And fill'd the ſacred place.

8 He ſtretch'd his hand the lengthen'd day,
Inviting all to come:
And preſs'd the vagrants to the feaſt,
While JESUS made them room.

9 To be diſmiſs'd, the graceful ſire,
Now waits the kind releaſe:
Reſign'd to ſtay,—prepar'd to go,
And cloſe his eyes in peace.

10 Ye dear companions of his life,
No longer hold him here;
Bid him go ſhare his vaſt reward,
You ſoon ſhall meet him there!

CHARACTER.

1 PAULINA! with ſuperior charms
Above her fellows bleſs'd;
In whom angelic virtues meet,
And ſhine,—by all confeſs'd.

2 Wiſdom with pureſt rays adorns
Her mild majeſtic face;
The genuine ſweetneſs of her mind
Gives all her actions grace!

3 With precious fruits abounding ſtill,
Her leaf is ever green:
Celeſtial ſmiles her ſteps attend
In ev'ry changing ſcene!

4 Her friendly love from fountains pure,
Flows in a gentle ſtream;
Or, like the ſun, diffuſing good
With ev'ry cheering beam!

5 From vanity and meanneſs free,
From envy, rage, and ſpleen;
With kind affection bleſſes all,
And ſhines on all ſerene!

6 With thoſe that ſing angelic ſtrains
She joins the tuneful choir:
Bright flaming ſeraphs warm her breaſt,
With ever-living fire!

7 With roſes and with bleſſings crown'd,
She bids her moments roll;
While angels wait in realms above,
To hail her kindred ſoul!

8 Such ſterling worth well pleas'd I view;
Oh that I could attain!
Redemption's mighty prize embrace,
And Paradiſe regain!

THE PILGRIM.

1 WE'RE ſtrangers here,—ſojourning home,
To brighter worlds above;
Tranſported with immortal views,
We haſte the joy to prove.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah;
We are on our journey home.

2 O'er dying friends, departed hence,
We dropp'd a parting tear:
They're fled from pain to glorious reſt,
We ſoon ſhall find them there.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Ye flow'ry meads, and purling ſtreams,
And native plains, adieu;
Dear partners of our youthful joys,
We leave this world and you.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 We travel though the pathleſs maze,
Our Leader's gone before:
His ſteps we trace; and from the mount
Deſcry the peaceful ſhore.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 We ſoon ſhall reach the deſtin'd hour
That ends our toil and ſtrife;
Then paſs old Jordan's ſwelling ſtreams,
And breathe immortal life!
Hallelujah, &c.

6 JESU ſhall aid us through the deep,
His ſaving pow'r diſplay;
Diſpel the ſhades of death and hell,
And lead to endleſs day!
Hallelujah, &c.

7 There angels wait,—and there our friends,
To hail us on the ſhore;
And ſhout us welcome to their joys
When pain and death are o'er.
Hallelujah, &c.

8 With boundleſs joy,—no more to part,
The friends in JESUS meet:
And, while eternal ages roll,
Their grateful ſongs repeat!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.
We are on our journey home.

A PRAYER.

1 FATHER of all, who reign'ſt above,
Supremely great:—The God of love!

Thou

Thou kindly hear'ſt thy creatures cry,
And Mercy meets the lifted eye!
Thy boundleſs mercies wide extend,
Unmeaſur'd lengths that know no end!

2 O may thy love my breaſt inſpire
To glow for thee, with warm deſire!
Preſerve, while in this weary land,
Defend, and guide me by thy hand:
If nature from thy paths would ſtray,
Reſtrain me from the crooked way.

3 When ſnares beſet me all around,
And dangers ſpread the faithleſs ground,
Then manifeſt a father's care,
And ſave me from the fatal ſnare:
Nor pain nor pleaſure ever move
My ſoul to ſin againſt thy love.

4 When feeble pulſes beat no more,
And Nature gives the conflict o'er,
Then may my ſoul triumphant riſe,
To claim its manſion in the ſkies:
There all my brethren meet,—and prove
Thy boundleſs heights,—redeeming love!

THE SWEET PASSION.

1 FOR thee, my Redeemer, I languiſh and pine,
(My object is glorious, my paſſion divine)
I faint with deſire; O! when ſhall I prove
Redemption's ſweet pleaſure, redemption and love!

2 Wealth, grandeur, and fame, for thee I diſdain,
The charms of thy love can eaſe all my pain:
All meaner enjoyments that vainly I try
Increaſe but my ſorrow—For JESUS I die!

3 If weary and faint, with trouble oppreſs'd,
My pains are reliev'd to lean on thy breaſt:
In vain then the tempter my ſoul ſeeks to move,
'Tis more than victorious in JESUS's love!

4 When

4 When earth melts away, and time is no more,
While roll ages endleſs, thy name I'll adore!
Unfading thy beauties,—thy glories ſtill ſhine,
I'll triumph for ever that JESUS is mine!

Made in TEMPTATION and TROUBLE.

1 WITH ſnares and fears encompaſs'd round,
O Lord, to thee I cry:
In deep diſtreſs to whom but thee
Can I for refuge fly?

2 The dreary clouds of trouble riſe,
And floods approach my ſoul:
The reſtleſs waves in tumult ſwell,
And o'er my head they roll.

3 Thou heardſt me on the awful brink,
When all the fatal train
Stood waiting round, to puſh me down,
And kindly didſt reſtrain.

4 Unworthy of thy tender care,
So prone my heart to ſtray;
To wander from the God I love,
To wander from his way.

5 Yet I look up,—redeeming God!
Thy blood is all my plea:
In mercy, boundleſs mercy, Lord,
In mercy look on me.

6 In mercy all my ſins forgive,
My wav'ring ſoul convert;
In love reſtore,—my ſteps direct,
And give the better part.

PART II.

7 The way I take to thee is known;
Thy promiſe makes me bold:
When thou, O Lord, my ſoul haſt try'd,
It ſhall come forth as gold.

8 Thou

8 Thou canſt not err; all wiſe and good
Be done thy awful will:
The voice that bids our troubles riſe
Can ſoon the tempeſt ſtill.

9 While the fierce trial ſhall remain,
Support my drooping ſoul:
From all its latent baſeneſs free,
And purify the whole.

10 Lord, I am thine;—thine may I be;
O govern all my ways!
And while I live,—for thee I'll live
My few remaining days.

11 Death then may come with terror arm'd;
I'll meet the hoſtile foe:
In triumph paſs his dark domain,
To my Redeemer go.

12 He with his hand from ev'ry tear
Will wipe his ſervant's face;
And all the glorious joy reveal
Which here began in grace.

13 My raviſh'd ſoul, in tranſport loſt,
Shall ſing redeeming love:
Redeeming love will echo back
From all the bleſs'd above.

PARADISE Lost and Regained.

Dreſden Tune.

1 I MOURN the fair deceiving tree,—
The fatal act, that woe brought in:
The dire effect I feel in me,
Stung by the raging monſter Sin!
I toil in pain;—to eaſe my woe
I aſk the joys of ſenſe in vain;
From theſe ſad ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
And deluge all the earthly plain!

What

What healing hand can comfort give,
And eaſe a ſoul that gaſping lies?
The Saviour comes;—he bids me live;
At his reviving voice I riſe!
With ſacred bliſs he cheers my ſenſe,
And pours his all-enliv'ning grace!
My raviſh'd ſoul would fly from hence
To ſee the glories of his face!
Ye fetters break that hold me here:
When time, and pain, and death, are paſt,
Then the Redeemer ſhall appear
To crown with joys that ever laſt!

To G. Angels' Tune.

1 TEMPTING toys, and earthly pleaſure,
Faithleſs as the fleeting wind:
All your joys and gilded treaſure
Shall not gain my peaceful mind:
Bounding as the hart I'll flee
To his breaſt who died for me;
Hide me in his kind embrace,
Secure from all the tempting race.

2 'Midſt alluring ſnares I wander,
Where the Siren's voice I hear;
Beauty, fame, and earthly grandeur,
In attractive charms appear:
Riſe, my ſoul; make haſte away,
Though the tempter bid thee ſtay;
Turn thine eyes,—thy heart command,
And fly from this enchanted land.

3 Darkneſs, death, and deſolation,
Tend the paths of vain delight:
Fear, diſtreſs, and ſore vexation,
Leading to eternal night:
Sons of pleaſure ſoftly glide
Down the vain enchanting tide:
Pleas'd with ev'ry proſpect gay,
Till pain and death conclude the day!

4 Wiſ-

4 Wiſdom's ways are peaceful, pleaſant,
Leading to eternal day!
Wiſdom's joys are ſo tranſcendent,
Here I'll ſing my life away!
Then my Lord ſhall bid me riſe
Far above the earth and ſkies;
Riſe to glorious worlds above,
To ſing, adore, and praiſe, and love!

The DEVOUT RAPTURE.

PART I.

1 SWEET the breath of riſing day,
Sweet the dew on fragrant flow'rs;
Birds rejoice, and zephyrs play,
Pleaſure crowns my early hours!

2 With a friendly kindred mind,
We creation's glories view:
Though by earthly bonds confin'd,
Pleaſures graſp for ever new.

3 When celeſtial rays diſpel
All the miſts of Nature's night;
Then we taſte, (and joyful tell)
Angels' bliſs, and ſaints' delight.

4 Could we here for ever ſtay,
Here celeſtial joys detain;
Drive all meaner joys away,
Let the LORD for ever reign.

The DECLINE.

PART II.

1 LO, the duſky clouds appear,
Now the tempter tries his pow'r,
Brings terreſtrial glories near
In the ſtrange unguarded hour.

2 By Imagination led,
Where enchanting pleaſures riſe;
On the ſlipp'ry brink I tread,
Sliding loſe the brighter ſkies.

3 Then the dawn of riſing day,
Fragrant ſweets, and ſmiling flow'rs,
Sounds of joy, and proſpects gay,
Tedious all,—and dull my hours!

4 Muſic pains my tortur'd ear,
Pleaſures vex my heaving heart;
Vain and worthleſs all appear
When I've loſt the better part!

Painful Reflectoins.

PART III.

1 WHILE the fleeting moments paſs,
Life its changing ſcene renews;
Fading, like the with'ring graſs,
Tranſient as the early dews.

2 Bleeding ſcenes afflict mine eyes,
Secret foes invade my breaſt:
Had I pinions, ſoon I'd riſe;
Like the dove, would fly to reſt.

3 Through the vale I urge my way,
Or, among the dells I roam,
In the lonely deſert ſtray,
Exil'd from my native home.

4 When I weary ſink to reſt,
Counting all my ſorrows o'er;
Vexing pains afflict my breaſt,
Mem'ry ſwells the mighty ſtore!

5 Darkneſs, in ſome ſad retreat,
Hide me with thy ſable ſhade;
While I all my woes repeat,
Let no light thy realms pervade.

6 Why

6 Why, my ſoul, doſt thou complain?
Boundleſs love doth all things well:
Die to ſin, and riſe again,
Then his boundleſs mercies tell.

7 Light of life! my breaſt inſpire;
With ſalvation's joy return:
Let the pure ſeraphic fire
In my breaſt for ever burn.

Panting after true FELICITY.

To *Water parted from the Sea.*

1 AS the deſert-hunted hart
Pants for ſtreams that gently move;
As kind friendſhip, pain'd to part,
Longs to meet and mingle love;
So my ſoul in deſert lands,
Parch'd beneath the blazing ſun,
Pants for bliſs; and, faint, demands
Where the weary reſt at noon?

2 Kindeſt friendſhip aid me now,
Bid me to thy ſhade draw near,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Soft and ſweet, as cryſtal clear:
Bring the friendly bliſs in haſte;
Thy rich ſtore of love impart;
All thy ſweetneſs let me taſte;
Try to cheer a drooping heart.

3 Sounding Fame, ſalute mine ear;
Muſic, thy ſoft ſtrains be try'd;
Beauty, in thy charms appear,
Deck'd in all thy flow'ry pride:
Theſe may ſooth a fever'd mind;
Yet to me no bliſs impart:
Where?—ah! tell me where to find
True felicity of heart.

4 Lead me, ſome kind angel bleſt,
Lead to joy ſerene and clear;
Lead to my Redeemer's breaſt;
Lo, he bids me find it there!
World adieu, with all thy arts,
JESU's charms are all my choice;
He celeſtial joys imparts,
And reſtores my Paradiſe!

EXPERIENCE.

1 SALEM, above,—in warm deſires
To thee my grateful heart aſpires;
Redemption's joy I ſweetly prove,
And triumph in redeeming love!

2 In crooked paths I wander'd wide
From thee, my God, and only guide:
Thy call I heard, thy mercy prov'd,
My ſoul obey'd, return'd, and lov'd.

3 Diſſolv'd I lay in thine embrace,
And taſted free redeeming grace:
With bleſſings cheer'd, my terrors fled,
Compaſſion ſmil'd, and bounty fed.

4 And can I doubt a Father's care,
Who feeds the fowls of earth and air?
Or, can I from that love depart,
Which brought ſalvation to my heart?

5 Should nature riſe to draw me hence,
Should all the joys that tempt the ſenſe;
All earth and hell at once combine,
Their pow'r is vain,—the Lord is mine!

6 While life ſhall animate this clay,
Who gave me life, I'll him obey:
While vital air my breaſt ſhall move,
Thy praiſe I'll ſing, redeeming love!

7 O! let me prove thy gracious aid,
In life, and through the dreary ſhade:
No evil then my ſoul can move,
Renew'd, and perfected in love.

8 When diſengag'd from earth and clay,
I firſt behold the riſing day,
To heaven my ſoul ſhall ſtretch her wing,
And, mounting, God my Saviour ſing!

A DEVOTIONAL REQUEST.

1 WITH devotion's warmeſt fire,
LORD, my ſoul I humbly bow:
Seal, oh! ſeal my ſole deſire;
Let me find redemption now:
Now, with joyful expectation,
All my pow'rs to thee ſubmit;
Let me prove thy great ſalvation,
While I worſhip at thy feet.

2 In the day of tribulation,
If my ſpan extend to age;
Hear my earneſt ſupplication,
Guide my ſteps through ev'ry ſtage;
Govern by thy wiſe direction
All my thoughts, and all my ways:
From each ſtorm be my protection,
Till in peace I end my days.

3 With thy ſaints, who, truth preferring,
Live for thee, their God alone:
Kindly aiding and conferring,
With the few may I be one.
One our hearts, our aims, and kingdom,
All approv'd of thee, and bleſs'd;
Till thou kindly bid us welcome
To thine everlaſting reſt.

He is altogether lovely.

1 IN dreary ſhades, where penſive mortals ſtray,
I ſeek repoſe, and long for riſing day:
The cheering ſun at laſt, to bleſs my eyes,
His glory ſhows, and brightens all the ſkies.

2 So ſhines my Saviour from his throne above,
And cheers my ſoul, with mildeſt beams of love;
Such glories his nor earth nor heav'n can boaſt:
All glories elſe in his bright beams are loſt.

3 I ſing his lovelineſs,—his croſs,—his crown!
My only joy that I of him am known:
All meaner joys but flatter and deceive,
Vain toys adieu, on Jesu's charms I live!

4 The friendly union form'd by kindeſt love,
Sweet virtue's joys, a taſte of thoſe above;
The bliſs is mine, while on his breaſt reclin'd,
I taſte his love, and caſt the world behind.

5 When ſore oppreſs'd with pain or helliſh ſnares,
To him I look, his love wipes off my tears;
I lean on him, then earth and hell defy,
And urge my way to fairer worlds on high.

6 When will this earthly veſſel break and fall?
My ſoul eſcape at my Redeemer's call?
Make haſte, my Lord, tranſport me to the ſkies,
To dwell with thee where beauty never dies!

Sung before SERMON.

1 IN boundleſs mercy, gracious Lord, appear;
Darkneſs diſpel, the humble mourner cheer;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down the flinty heart;
Draw ev'ry ſoul to chuſe the better part.

2 Thy

2 Thy preſence fills the univerſal ſpace;
Thy grace appears to all the human race:
O viſit us, with light and life divine;
Fill ev'ry ſoul, for ev'ry ſoul is thine.

SOLOMON'S SONG, chap. ii. ver. 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 THE gloomy cold winter is paſt,
Sweet ſmiles with the ſeaſon return:
I hear my Beloved at laſt;
He kindly forbids me to mourn:
His voice, like the mild turtle-dove,
(While vernal creation is gay)
Ariſe from thy ſlumbers, my love,
My fair one, come quickly away.

2 The landſcape is pleaſant all round,
Cool ſtreams and green meadows delight;
With flowers is cover'd the ground!
The birds ſweetly ſing day and night!
Sweet zephyrus breathes the freſh morn,
The grapes and green figs now appear;
Rich Nature in grandeur is born!
Come, quickly, my fair one, draw near.

3 More ſweet is the morning of grace,
When guilty dark days are no more:
When JESUS firſt ſhows his bright face,
My winter of ſorrow is o'er!
My ſoul hears his voice, "Come away,
"Celeſtial pleaſures to taſte!"
Tranſported, no longer I ſtay,
To him whom I love I make haſte.

The TRIAL.

1 WHEN anxious doubts and painful fear
Corroded on my breaſt,
The penſive ſigh and riſing tear
Prevented needful reſt.

2 The mountain huge I had to paſs,
My ſanguine temper fail'd;
My ſpirits loſt their wonted courſe,
And weighty woe prevail'd!

3 No friend was near, my friends aloof,
In time of trial fled!
Not one with kind compaſſion came
To raiſe my ſinking head!

4 In pain and ſilent grief I ſunk,
Sore wounded with diſguſt;
While friends, like Prieſt and Levite, paſs'd,
And left me in the duſt!

5 I ſtruggled with the mighty load,
A mind oppreſs'd with care;
I look'd around, in vain, for help,
Till I look'd up in pray'r.

6 With confidence I aſk'd his aid
Who hears the orphan's cry;
Like Iſr'el, on the brink I ſtood
To ſee ſalvation nigh.

7 O God, (I ſaid, in ſore diſtreſs)
Thy gracious aid I crave;
On thee alone is all my truſt,
In mercy hear and ſave.

The Lord with kind regard appear'd,
His mourning ſervant own'd;
The good Samaritan paſs'd by,
And ſtaid my bleeding wound!

9 He gently rais'd me with his hand,
Remov'd my load of grief;
He ſtopp'd the torrent of my wo,
And kindly brought relief!

10 My eyes with tears of joy o'erflow'd,
My heart ſweet pleaſure prov'd:
That Power who this ſalvation brought
My ſoul ador'd and lov'd.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

1 I Sing of Friendſhip's golden charms,
With loves encircled round:
In calm retreats from dire alarms
The Charmer may be found.

2 Her balmy ſympathetic breaſt
With pureſt rapture ſwells!
A train of wiſhes, warm and chaſte,
In her ſoft boſom dwells!

3 Serenely ſweet,—with kind regard,
Her pleaſure is to bleſs:
The ſocial joys are her reward,
And laſting is her peace.

4 Friendſhip divine!—do angels love?
Such purity is thine!
Angelic ſweetneſs from above
In all thy actions ſhine.

5 When minds congenial haply meet
By kind attractive pow'r;
Equal in meaſure, tender, ſweet,
Unmix'd by baſe and ſour:

6 Then lively tuneful ſpirits riſe,
With pleaſing vigour ſwell;
The tears of gladneſs fill the eyes,
Too great the bliſs to tell!

7 The vital ſparks of pure deſire
Riſe to a gentle flame;
Though floods ariſe to quench the fire,
It ever glows the ſame!

8 The pain, the bliſs, the hope, the fear,
That mortals ſhare below,
The meeting joy, the parting tear,
Friendſhip, 'tis thine to know.

9 The ſoul untun'd, and ſore oppreſs'd
With toil, or care, or grief,
It ſeeks thy ſympathetic breaſt,
And finds a ſweet relief.

10 The feeling mind, the chaſte delight,
And all the ſocial train;
Thoſe tender ſtrings that hearts unite,
Convey the joy and pain.

11 Bleſs'd confidence, that knows no doubt!
That knows no jealous fear,
Drives ev'ry vile intruder out,
And wipes the riſing tear!

12 Religion ev'ry pleaſure crowns
That love and virtue yield:
Creation's Lord approves, and owns,
And is himſelf their ſhield!

13 Beyond the narrow bounds of ſpace,
They ſcale the ſummits height;
Where pain and death no more have place,
Nor tears, nor duſky night!

14 In lovely fellowſhip divine,
They daily foretaſtes prove;
Yet this terrene ſhall ſoon reſign,
To dwell in realms above!

The SINCERE REQUEST for abſent FRIENDS.

1 WILL gracious Heav'n an ear incline,
And grant a ſuppliant's pray'r!
Preſerve whom I to thee reſign
By providential care.

2 Preſerve, if vernal ſuns ſhall ſmile,
Or fierce December frown;
May virtue's joys their pains beguile,
And ev'ry ſeaſon crown.

3 Their path prepare, their courſe direct,
The awful deep divide:
Throughout the wilderneſs protect,
Their ſteps to Canaan guide.

4 Unſhaken may they ever ſtand,
Each hoſtile pow'r defy:
Exulting hear the laſt command
(That Moſes heard) and die.

5 When time, and pain, and death, are o'er,
And ſaints triumphant riſe,
Tranſported meet, to part no more,
And graſp the boundleſs prize:

6 May I, in ſweet tranſporting charms,
My friends ſalute above,
Encompaſs'd in JEHOVAH's arms,
Of everlaſting love!

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

PENSIVE I wander,
In Nature's meander,
And muſe on the portion that poor mortals ſhare:
Soft fleeting pleaſure,
Indulg'd without meaſure,
Soon fills up the cup of affliction and care.
In the bright morning,
Our friendly joys forming,
Sweet ſympathy binds, and fond hearts faſt unite,
But ſoon rent aſunder,
Death raging like thunder,
Bereaves us of friends, and all earthly delight.

1 GREAT KING of kings appear,
Britons in mercy hear,
Hear and attend:
Faithleſs are our allies,
Numberleſs hoſts ariſe;
From all our enemies
Save and defend.

2 Gaul

2 Gaul and deceitful Spain,
Vainly they boaſt again,
Britons to ſhake:
Sons that in war delight,
(With their whole force unite)
Seek to invade our right,
Graſping to take.

3 Great GOD of equity,
Thine is the victory,
Bleſs our dread King:
Gird his defenſive ſword,
Vict'ry and peace afford;
May rebels own their Lord,
And tribute bring.

4 Make our contentions ceaſe,
Give us domeſtic peace,
Teach us to love:
May ev'ry rank agree
In faithful unity,
Till we thy glory ſee
In worlds above.

5 May the whole world obey
Thy kind indulgent ſway,
Father of all;
And ev'ry nation raiſe
Loud ſongs of grateful praiſe;
Then, Sire of endleſs days,
Bleſs great and ſmall.

MATTH. XXV. 26.

And theſe ſhall go away into everlaſting puniſhment.

1 WHEN Nature fails, and ſinks with pain,
The ſoul with guilty fear,
Loaded with crimes, of death afraid,
But, trembling, muſt appear!

2 It

2 It meets its everlaſting doom,
To fiery regions driv'n;
Upheld to bear the endleſs ſhock,
Of vengeance hurl'd from heav'n;

3 The priſon dark receives its prey;
Their groans make hell reſound;
Tormenting ſhrieks and diſmal cries
Fill the abyſs profound!

4 The ſoul accurs'd, in hideous roar,
Reflection ſad begins;
With words like thoſe, and wild complaints,
The dreary concave rings!

5 "For wilful ſin I'm juſtly doom'd
To this deteſted place;
For ſlighting a Redeemer's love,
And trampling on his grace.

6 His frequent calls and counſels ſpurn'd,
I quench'd the Spirit's flame:
And though my thund'ring Judge I hate,
My Judge I cannot blame!

7 But, ah! thy wrath and mighty pow'r,
Great GOD, wilt thou engage
Againſt a worm? and muſt I feel
Thine everlaſting rage?

8 From me, "Depart, ye curs'd," he ſaid,
Who cannot change or lie;
Then doom'd my ſoul to endleſs pain,
The ſecond death to die.

9 When ages numberleſs are gone,
O! could I then expire!
Vain thought! 'tis fix'd: I here muſt rave
In everlaſting fire!"

DEN-

DENBEIGH.

1 YOUR lofty themes, ye mortals! try;
In ſongs of praiſe divinely vie:
The great ſalvation loud proclaim,
And ſhout for joy the Saviour's name.
In ev'ry land begin the ſong,
To ev'ry land the ſtrains belong;
In cheerful ſounds all voices raiſe,
And fill the world with loudeſt praiſe!

2 When Nature in confuſion flies
Far from its courſe;—the JUDGE we hear!
He ſpeaks the word,—the dead ariſe!
At his command the crowds appear!
With hoſts, behold JEHOVAH come!
To fix the everlaſting doom!
Rejoice, ye ſaints, your warfare's o'er,
He bids you riſe, and weep no more!

6 MA 50

THE END.